A

STRANGE *Metamorphoſis* of MAN, transformed into a VVilderneſſe.

Deciphered in *CHARACTERS.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper*, and are to be ſold by *Lawrence Chapman* at his ſhop in Holborne.
1634.

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The Preface to the Reader.

He world is a Wilderneſſe, Man a pilgrime loſt in the deſert; or rather Man is the Deſert, not to be found, but in the Wilderneſſe.

A Deſert who leaving the path of Rectitude, hath plunged himſelfe into the thicket of worldly Appetites; to ſeeke him in the Citie were in vaine, who leaving Ieruſalem, entred into the Deſert the way of Iericho. To finde him then, we muſt leave the Citie, and ſeeke him in the Wilderneſſe. Where behold a ſtrange Metamorphoſis! Wee finde him not in his owne

owne ſimilitude, but like Vliſſis *Crew, transformed into the ſhape of everie thing we meete with. We then take him as we finde him, and deliver you his Character in thoſe borrowed ſhapes, not to put him to the bluſh. But leſt of a Wilderneſſe of things, I make a Wilderneſſe of words, and looſe my ſelfe in my owne Wilderneſſe: Or labouring in a Maze as* Paſiphae

in her labyrinth, inſtead of a Metamorphoſis, I preſent you with a Mynotaure. I muſt entreate thee Reader to take my meaning for thy Clew to guide thee in and out: which is not to make Monſters of Characters, or to character Monſters; but to preſent thee with an innocent and harmeleſſe recreation, through a ſtrange imaginarie Metamorphoſis, and that

that reading without the acerbitie of a Savage, thou ſhew thy ſelfe at leaſt to be a reaſonable Man, in thine owne likeneſſe.

to the Readers

ebne reading without
the acerbitie of a Sa-
tyre, thou (Deere thy
selfe at least to be a true-
bumble Man, in thine
owne likenesse.

A ſtrange Metamorphoſis of *Man*, transformed into a *Wilderneſſe*.

1. *The Lyon*

King of Beaſts is a right tyrant among Beaſts, Nature it ſeemes hath made him for terror, for when he roares his Subiects tremble at his voyce. Inſtead of *Ermins* like *Hercules* hee weares a Lyons skinne; which robe though hee had not on yet would he

be knowne by his clawes: He is alwayes ſeene in his Parliament robes, but carries up his owne traine himſelfe. He hath an Antipathy with the Cocke, eſpecially of the Game. One reaſon is, becauſe he ſees him commonly with his Crowne on his head, while Princes commonly are icalous of each other. Some ſay becauſe he preſumes to come into his preſence booted & ſpur'd, contrary to the Law in Court. But I thinke rather becauſe hee meetes with a Lyons heart in ſo weake a body. He is of a generous & noble diſpoſitiõ, offend him

him not, & he is a lambe, touch him never ſo little, and hee is a Lyon right: He is exceeding iealous of his Lioneſſe eſpecially of the *Parde*; not without good cauſe, ſince they often meet by ſtealth, and he inforced ful ſore againſt his will to father the Leopard though a Baſtard, and none of his. He is ſo hot of Nature that he is never without a burning feaver, but is faine to recover himſelfe; for in his raging fits, no one of his Phyſitians dares approach to feele his pulſe. He dreads the fire hee ſees without, becauſe he feeles ſo great a

heat within, which euen glowes againe at the windowes of his eyes. His children are no crying Puppies, but whelpes rather, that come at laſt to be roaring boyes; Yet they cannot a letter of the booke, not ſo much as the Chriſt-croſſe Row. Onely in the Greeke Alphabet their memorie ſerues but to carry away the laſt letter (ω) which they will tone foorth with ſuch a throat as no cryer in Weſtminſter-hall can put you forth ſuch a one. And no maruell they can reade no better, ſince they hate the vowels; the *A* becauſe

it

it is too childiſh, the *E* too feminine, the *I* ſtands not with their maieſtie, for the *O* they are too ſtout to blinch or ſay oh at any thing, and for the *V* they hold it ruſticitie. If hee chance to flye out at any time or be unruly, whereas Mad-men are put into Bedlam, Rogues into Bridwell; Beggers into the Stocks, Night-walkers into the Counter, he for his Nobilitie is clapt into the Tower, where he is never like to come forth, till inſtead of ſtripping his Collar, he be ſtript of his skin.

2. The Squirill

IS that nimble Reueller of the Forreſt who is alwaies ſet vpon a merrie pin. It is the innocencie of his gentle breaſt, that makes his heart ſo light, and the bodie ſo naturally actiue. He keepes Holiday euerie day, and is neuer without his pumps on, to be readie to dance. For he will daunce you beyond meaſure, and yet be neuer out of his dance. He is verie deſperate in his tricks, ſo that if he chance to fall, he ventures his necke, life, and all. He is no Carpet-

knight

knight that danceth on ſtrewed tapeſtries, for he will daunce upon a tree without any muſicke. But this in the Forreſt onely, for in the Citie he hath another manner with him, where it is ridiculous to daunce without muſicke, and therefore gets him a dauncing ſchoole with a chime of little Bels at leaſt. He is a foure-footed bird that is kept in a cage, not to ſing, for hee hath no voice that is worth the hearing, but to dance onely. One would wonder to ſee him ſo well breathed who will hold out ſo long and yet not be tyred, eſpe-

cially considering the diet he uses being commonly nuts, so apt with us to breed obstructions, and the tisicke. With an apple and a nut or two hee will make himselfe not onely an handsome collation but a royall feast. It is verie strange what teeth the thiefe hath, for he wil pare you a wallnut as bigge as his head, much sooner than we an apple, yea and devoure the kernell and all ere you would imagine. He hath a good face, and he knowes it well, & some beautie withall, whereof he is exceeding choice and tender, while hee never goes

goes eſpecially in the Sun, but he carries his *Vmbrella* about him, which ſerves him likewiſe for a cloake in a ſhowre of raine. Hee that ſhould marke him well, would thinke him a puppet made in faſhion of a Squiril, that by engines were made ſo to mount up and downe, and that either he had no ioynt at all, or all were nothing elſe but ioynts, for he moves not his head ſo much as his whole bodie when hee moves. Hee is very neat, for hee waſhes his face at every bit he eats, & ſhould be a Iew in that, but in other things hath no Reli-

gion in him at all. In a word, I hold him to have a good nature with him, and a pretty wit, & though hee ſeeme to have a cunning head, yet ſtayed enough from any debauchments.

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3. *The Bramble.*

IS that little great Competitour of Regall dignitie upon trees, who carried it away from the reſt. He is the right *Agathocles* raiſed from duſt to ſupreme authoritie, to weild the Scepter in our wildernesſe of Plants. The *Dioniſius*

niſius Tyrant of *Sicilie*, who rules rather with the prickie thornes of ſeveritie, than with the Roſes and ſweets of lenitie. Had he the Muskes of the Eglantine to temper his thornes, his Empire would be more tolerable. It is a tree indeed without a trunke, a trunke without boughes, boughes fuller of prickes than leaves, of leaves than fruits. He proclaimes his ſhadow to be a protection to all; but who is hee would chuſe ſuch a harbour to pay for his lodging with a ſcracht face? To retaine the maieſtie of a Prince he hath alwayes

wayes a *Corps-de Guard* about him, armed with Holberts never from his ſide. He is greedie and having, becauſe tenacious and a notable griper of all who have any thing to do with him: And for his fees (as he calls them) he will pull the cloathes from your backe by hooke or crooke. It is a woodden Saw full of teeth, which needs no whetting, as being alwayes on edge, but without handles, becauſe not to bee handled, yet yeelds no duſt as it goes, like other Sawes, but in lieu thereof makes the bloud to follow. He is a

Schoole-

Schoolemaſter right, who is never without a ſharpe rod in his hand, and his Schollars are certaine blacke boyes that board in his houſe. He is as good as a Sergeant at Mace, for if he catch a debter by the cloake as he goes along, he would make him beleeve he were arreſted, and looking backe to bee readie to aske at whoſe ſuite. Howſoever hee is a right Catch pole, that will go neare to catch one by the pole indeed. He is no ſwearer, but will rend and teare like an arrant Turk. In fine, being of the famille of the Buſhes, he is raiſed

ſed to have a place in the Moone; for if it bee true that there is a man in the Moone with his dogge, he is not without his buſh with him which is our *Bramble.*

4. *The Stagge*

IS a ſtately Beaſt to behold, you would ſay he were ſome *Coriphæus* of the Lyons Court. He is tall enough of ſtature of himſelfe, but affects a portlineſſe ſo much, that as others helpe themſelves with Corkes and Chippeens, hee hath his Stilts upon

upon his head, to make him ſeeme much higher then he is. His coat is faire and beautifull, powdered here and there with certaine ſpots which make a handſome ſhew, and were it not his owne, would be thought a rich weare, and little inferiour to the Martin furrs or the Ermins of Ruſſia. He hath long and ſlender legges, like a Redſhanke, or Iriſh Kern, which makes him ſo tall a footman as he is. He hath foure of them, or elſe it were impoſſible ſo great a bulke could be held up by ſo weake pillars. Hee flies like a Parthian Archer,

er, with his face turned backwards, not to ſhoote his enemies, but to ſhew them a faire paire of heels. Before he fights he whets his horne, as a Mower doth his Sithe, but uſes them rather as a Pitch-forke in harveſt to toſſe the hounds with, like hey-cocks in the Meadowes. Hee is much delighted with Muſicke, I may ſay much taken with it, for he is often caught of the Hunters by that meanes; As the Horſe by his teeth is knowne how old he is, if the marke be not out of his mouth; ſo hee by his hornes, if he have not caſt them

them in ſome buſh. The Heralds call his hornes his *Thiara* or dreſſe, and ſay hee is not fully attired till he have them abſolute and compleate: this I am ſure of, that when they have them not on, they are aſhamed, and hide themſelves, as Maids that are unreadie. Hence it is perhaps that tyers and hornes are held Synonimas. Hee is very conſtant in his faſhion, for he changes his attire but once a yeare, and then never alters it a whit. Hee beares his yeares very well, as one that takes no care, while all the care and paine

paine is rather had how to take him. When he is hunted by a Prince, he is ever after termed a Hart. In fine, had he but valour to his ſtrength, and not ſuch wings at his feet, I ſee not why but for his goodly head hee might make a noble Standard in our Wilderneſſe.

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5. The

5 *The Golden Myne*

IS the Baſiliske of Metals, for the Regall Crowne he weares upon his head. Nature it ſeems hath layd him out of ſight in the bowels of the earth for feare of killing with his lookes. It is either the Sulphure it ſelfe or the boyling froth of Hell, and eternall flames, it is the ſelfe ſame colour, and the cauſe of ſo many damnable actions. It is now through wantonnes made potable, and for its ſake wee ſwallow all things. And if they could, I verily

ly think they would have it reſpirable, which they do pretty well, when they can breathe and ſpeake of nothing elſe. He is the *Orpheus* who with his lookes only, without ſetting his hand to the Lyre, enchants and raviſhes the moſt ſavadge of our wilderneſſe. He hath a key that opens all locks, will proſtitute Widdowes, and corrupt Virgins. Hee will enter into all mens counſels, yea, inſinuates himſelfe into Princes Cabinets. It is the Sunne that diſpels all clouds of melancholy from the heart, and makes one, of a *Saturne*

turne a *Iupiter*, becauſe joviall. Hee is capable but of two ſinnes, Baſeneſſe and Levity, which in him are held for mortall. He loves not to bee cut or barbed, nor waſhed in his trimming, for thereby he loſes much of credit and eſtimation with men. Hee is very charitable, for he will waſte and ſpend himſelfe and ſubſtance to make a ſick man well, or to comfort his heart. He hath no good voyce, but a kinde of hoarſeneſſe with him, which yet is twenty times more gracefull than the beſt muſick the ſilver makes.

makes. Hee ſeemes to
have the yellow Iaundies,
it is but his naturall com-
plexion, which in the eyes
of men makes him the
more amiable, nor have I
ever heard him to be
thruſt into the Peſthouſe
for his looke: If he looke
pale now and then, it is
for feare of falling in the
Coyners or Clippers
hands, his chiefeſt ene-
mies. Hee feares no
theeves ſo much as Vſu-
rers, while the firſt giue
him liberty, and let him
go currant where he will,
the other thruſt him
up in ſome hole or dun-
geon, where hee ſees no
ligh

light. Though hee bee heavy in himſelfe, yet is hee lighter and fitter for travell than Silver is: in fine hee is good if not abuſed.

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6. *The Hedgehog*

IS a right Vrchin and a peeviſh Elfe, that cannot bee medled with at no hand. He is a whole fort in himſelfe, hee the Governor, his skin the wals, his prickles the *Corpes de guard*. He is very jealous and ſuſpitious by nature, ſo that he never takes his reſt,

reſt, till hee have ſet the watch. He hath a drawbridge to collect himſelfe with at his pleaſure, eſpecially when he ſtands upon his guard, ſo as it were impoſſible to make any breach into him. Hee is a great enemy to the winds, principally the North and South; and therefore having but two gates to the City where he keepes his hold, hee hath barricadoes for them both to ſhut them out. There are two ſorts of them, one for land, who never put to ſea, the other ſeafaring men, that never come to land: who as they differ

in

in trade of life, ſo do their manners: yet both are weather wiſe alike, and both crafty enough it ſeemes to provide for themſelves. For if the one have his fort, the other his ſhip to truſt to: and if the one keepe out the wind at his doores, the other in a ſtorme will ſtick to his tackling, and take in ſtones for his Ballice, or if need bee, cleave to an anchor; and therefore ſhould be politick as they all likely are, who are ſo. Hee is all comb, though not to kemb with, which hath no teeth but to miſchiefe with, and therefore

is no friend from the teeth outward, while every tooth is a very ſting. He is but a milkſop yet, and a very ſuckling, who will hang on the ſpeens of every Cow, which therefore makes him cry ſo like a child. He cannot brag much of his gentry, whoſe father was a Boare, his mother a Sow, himſelfe a Pigge, and all begot under a hedge. If there bee any ſuch place as *Hoggs Norton* is, where Piggs play on the Organs, it is ſurely with them; who have ſuch a ſqueeking cry with their wind inſtruments. What his

his fleſh is to eat, I know not, but I ſhould think, hee that ſhould eat him whole, were as good have a burre in his throat. They ſay his fleſh is as good and as tender as a Rabbet, but this I am ſure, their furre is nothing neere ſo gentle. As the Fox hath his hole, ſo hath he his buſh, from whence there is no getting him forth, till he be fired out. Hee is no great medler himſelfe, nor loves to bee medled with, nor any that is wiſe, I think, will teyze with him, who knowes how touchy hee is. For my part, if I ſtum-

ble not on him, I will have nothing to do with him.

7. *The Pike*

IS the Pirat of the Lake, that roves and preyes upon the little Fiſhermen of that ſea, who is ſo covetous and cruell, that he gives no quarter to any; when hee takes his prize, hee goes not to the ſhore to make his market, but greedily devoures it himſelfe; yea, is ſuch a Cormorant, that hee will not ſtay the dreſſing of it. He

He is called the Wolfe of the water, but is indeed a monſter of nature; for the Wolfe ſpares his kinde, but hee will devoure his owne nephewes ere they come to full growth. He is very gallant in apparrell, and ſeemes to affect to go rather in ſilver than in gold, wherein he ſpares for no coſt: for his habit is all layd with ſilver plate downe to the foot in ſcallop wiſe. Hee is a right man of warre, and is ſo ſlender built, and drawes ſo little water, as hee will land at pleaſure, and take his prey where he liſt, no ſhallop ſhall follow where

hee will lead. The Pikes themſelves are the taller ſhips, the Pickerels, of a middle ſort, and the Iacks, the Pinnaces amongſt them, which are all armed according to their burden. The The maſter or Pilot ſits at the prore, yet hath the rudder ſo at command, that hee can winde and turne the veſſell which way he will, in the twinckling of an eye. He ſets up but little ſayles, becauſe he would not bee diſcovered who he is, yea many times no ſayle at all, but truſts to the finnes, his Oares. The youthfuller ſorts

ſorts of Pikes, whom through familiarity they call Iacks, are notable Laddes indeed, and to their ſtrength and bigneſſe will fiſh as their fathers will. In a word, a man would eaſily bee miſtaken in him in beholding him ſo handſome and gentle a creature, and never imagin him to bee halfe ſo ravenous as he is; but *Fronti nulla fides.*

8. The Rock

IS the huge and vaſt Whale in the ſea of the deſert, which ſpouts his water by the ſprings that ſhout from him; and in the time of tempeſts, by his open jawes receives the amazed beaſts as *Jonas* into his belly, and ſo ſhelters them till the ſtorme blow over. Hee is ſo unweildy and ſtiffe in all his joynts, as he never moves but in Earthquakes, and then rocks like himſelfe. It is the pallace of the king of beaſts, where hee keepes his

his Court, well founded, walled, and vaulted over with a ſtony rooſe; no windowes there, but the open doores or mouth thereof, unleſſe you will ſay the eyes of every creature there, are the glaſſe windowes, which being within, doe ſerve them well enough to ſee with. He is even as old as the world, and hath ſeene many centuries of yeeres to paſſe over his head. Hee could ſpeake perhaps of the Deluge of *Noah*, as it had been but yeſterday, were hee well put to it. This I can tell you, that being ſo long

under water, hee ſtill keeps his breath to the end, as well as at the firſt, and came forth of the waters as freſh as ever. There is no Tortoyſe could beare ſo great a load, yea, if the whole world were laid on his back, he would not ſhrink an inch under it, unleſſe the foundation or center ſhould faile. It is well that God and nature hath made him inanimate, for were he ſenſible as the beaſts of the Forreſts are, and ſhould but walk therein, hee would ſhoulder every thing out of his place. Hee is nothing ſo bad as thoſe of the

the ſea are, which lie lurking in wait over head and eares to work miſchiefe, while this of the wilderneſſe is very curteous, and doth many good offices for his neighbours, the inhabitants round about him. He is very valiant, for if he have any quarrels with any, hee will never budge a foot from the place hee is in. In fine, though he be a Rock, hee is no ſcandall of offence to any, but a faire example and pattern to us of conſtancy and perſeverance in vertue and a good life.

9. *The*

9 The Goat

IS a right Worceſterſhire man, bred on *Malburne* hills, which hee takes for an honour, and therefore ſtands ſo much upon his tiptoes. He is high fed, but is but leane, becauſe leaving the fat of the earth, he picks his hungrie ſalets from the buſh tops. He is a very churle, who is never good to any til he be dead, for then you may have his skinne, a good commoditie, nor ever comes to any honour till then, when he hath the priviledge to kiſſe the beſt mans hand.

If

If hee come from *Spaine*, he is allied to the chiefeſt houſes there, and derives himſelfe from that of the *Cordua*, and will be called by no other name. Yet howſoever he is but a Sloven in his clothes, which hang ſo like raggs about him as his knees appeare not. It ſhould ſeeme of himſelfe he hath but an ill breath, who is likely never without his perfumes, and is not ſo neat as hee ſhould bee. Hee is very grave as appeares well by his long beard, but not trim'd after the *Perſian* manner, with faire Muſtacho's, while his haire growes

growes all beneath his chinne; whereof hee is ſo proud, that if you take him by it, they all take it for a common affront to the illuſtrious familie of the *Goats*, and wil either hang downe the head, or make it a quarrell. He glories of I know not what, and deſpiſeth the innocencie of the ſheepe for his ſimplicitie, and wanting the garbe of a compleate Gallant as he takes himſelfe to be. But the great Shepherd as the onely King Herald of Armes, hath decided already which is the better man, and put him on the left hand. While they are kids

kids they are innocent enough, but being elder grow debauched to all lasciviouſneſſe. They are very amorous, and therefore their milke is cordiall, for love flows from the heart. He is a notable Phyſitian, but deales by reſtoratives onely, and therein hath excellent medicines many wayes. He ſhould be curſt, who hath ſo harſh a haire which perhaps is the cauſe he is never trim'd. He is quicke of hearing, but not ſo quicke as to heare any good of himſelfe, for they all crie out upon him, fie, fie, how he ſtinks; which he neither regards, nor yet be-

beleeves; ſo good a conceit hee hath of himſelfe. He hath an excellent eare, and loves Muſicke beyond meaſure, but not out of meaſure, for that would argue he had no eare. But he hath no Noſe to ſmell with, that makes his eares ſo good, *Quia pluribus intentus*: the Fawnes and Satyrs take it for a grace to put on his dreſſe, who are no ſmall ones in this wilderneſſe. Nor hath he lived ſo ill a life on earth, but hee hath deſerved to have his place there in the heavens, as well as the reſt, where I leave him.

10. The Eccho

IS the *Iris* of the eare, as the *Iris* is the *Eccho* of the eyes. She is the true Camelion of the Aire that changes into every colourable ſenſe. The *Proteus* that transformes her ſelfe to every ſhape of words. She is the *Inamourado* of the Forreſt that will be taken with every ones love, and as *Narciſſus* with his own beauty, be enamoured with her owne tongue, and take delight to heare her ſelfe ſpeake. Yea ſhe is a thing or nothing, a tatling Goſſip, a meere babler,

ler, a teller of tales. One that hath no ſubſtance in her, but is a meere accident, in that ſhe comes ſuddenly upon you unlooked for. She is of a ſtrange qualitie, who takes delight to affright the ignorant and ſimple: will play the Hobgoblin, the Fairie of the woods, leaſt in ſight, or wholly out of ſight. Though ſhee bee a talker, and full of her tongue, yet ſhe hath no invention with her, nor can contrive any thing of her owne, for ſhe ſpeakes but by heare-ſay, onely all ſhee utters, and that upon truſt of another, nor can tell you the

the Author, unleſſe he diſcover it himſelfe. She hath no memorie at all, and therefore can remember but the laſt words ſhee heares, which ſhe will do very faithfully indeed, and not leave you out a tittle. She hath no certaine tone of her owne, but as ſhe is taught, immediately before which ſhe will exactly imitate, if her maſter bee preſent, elſe not, for ſhee cannot retaine her leſſen long, but muſt inſtantly recite it, or elſe ſhee is no bodie. She will keepe her key well if ſhe ſing, and never miſſe it, if he that is the Rector Chori, guides the

the Quire, miſtake it not. And when ſhee ſings at any time, ſhe ſings no diſtinct part from her fellow, or the reſt of the parts; for ſhe hath no skill at all to compoſe or ſet a whit, or to runne deſcant on a ground, but ſings the very ſame the others do. She dares not ſtand to any thing ſhe ſaith, but goes her wayes preſently, and never yet durſt ſhew her face. She is a very Monſter and a Prodigie of Nature, having no body to ſpeake of, at leaſt as ſmall and ſlender as the Ayre, and yet hath a mouth as wide as the valleyes. She hath no

proper

propertongue of her own, but what ſhe borrowes. If the Lyon roare, ſhe roares likewiſe; if the Heyfer lowe, ſhe lowes as loud; if the Wolfe but howle, ſhe howles for company; yea rather then ſtand out, ſhe will bray with the verie Aſſe; but is never better in her 2 indeed then when ſhe apes the Nightingale eſpecially in their fughes, for then you would thinke them both ſtarke madde, while they follow one another ſo cloſe at the heeles, and yet can never overtake each other. She is a right woman, that can keepe no counſell, and yet will!

will bee readie to intrude her ſelfe into everie ones counſell, but as ſoone as ſhee hath it, out it goes ſtraight, life or death, all is one to her. She were good to make a Player of the Stage, for ſhe would take her cues excellently well. She is no *Ciceronian*, nor apt for fluent ſtiles; but a *Lipſian* right, and fitter for a brieſe manner of ſpeech Dialogue wiſe. All her Poetry is chiefly in *Saphicks* or *Iambicks* at moſt, for ſhe cannot abide the examiter or heroical verſe, becauſe too long for her. In fine, though ſhee bee a common ſpeaker and tel-

ler

ler of newes (as I ſaid) yet makes ſhe a conſcience to deviſe any of her ſelfe, and therefore would hardly ſerve to be the Secretarie of falſe fame, but being once broached, let her alone to blaze it abroad through all the Wilderneſſe.

11. *The Lake*

IS *Dian's* Glaſſe, or common mirrour of the reſt of *Nimphs*, wherewith they dreſſe themſelves. It is a liquid chriſtall, whoſe Ice the cruſt thereof makes the perfect Chriſtal, while the

the Sands in the bottome as the blacke of the mirrour, makes the foile that cauſeth the reflection. It is more properly a ſea, than the ſea it ſelfe, becauſe indeed a true congregation of waters, ſo gathered into the ſtonie ceſterne of the Rocks. He is no flatterer, but a true tell-troth, for he will ſhew the Stagge his braunchy hornes, the Aſſe his prodigious eares, and diſcover the Satyr to bee a beaſt as he is by his attire. He is very liberall of his liquids to all the Forreſt, for let them provide meat elſewhere, and hee will finde them drinke enough:

nough: exceedingly bleſſed of God for this his hoſpitalitie, for though he have given drinke to all our Deſert from the time of *Noe*, his ſtore is never a whit the leſſe. He is verie patient, who will ſuffer any reaſonable burden to be layed on his backe, and beard it willingly, if it ſink not of it ſelfe, or bee not perhaps ſtirred up and ſet on by the malitious blaſts of the calumnious winds: for thē he wil ſo laſh forth with his waves like ſo many kicks of the heele, that twentie to one he unhorſeth whatſoever is on his backe, unleſſe ſuch as

through a priviledge of Nature are ſo good horſemen as to keepe the ſaddle and ride it out in ſpight of *Æolus* and him. He is not hot, but yet of that qualitie, that he will beare no coales, eſpecially if active and liveſy. As great as hee is, there is no Snake ſhall creepe in at a leſſer hole then he; and like him where he gets but his head in once, with time enough hee will draw his whole bodie after him. He is free to lend what hee hath, as appeares by the Sunne who is alwayes borrowing of his ſtore, which he fetches and drawes with his

his exhalation, but lookes to be repaide againe with intereſt. He loves to keepe company with the nobler ſort, who are truly generous and better then himſelfe, and will beare with them, eſpecially the more airy they be, as come from a higher familie. But for the ignobler multitude, as the earth and earthly things, he contemnes thē, and ſets them at his foot. He is ſo pittifull that hee will communicate himſelfe to any that ſtands in need of him, & will even ſpend and exhauſt himſelfe to do them good, being never more troubled then

when he findes himſelfe ſo limited that he cannot goforth to help his neighbour. He is cold of conſtitution, and will congeale through feare with the leaſt froſt, and then the very boyes may triumph over him, and even ride upon him at their pleaſure. He is ſtable and conſtant, and not ſo fleeting as the Sea which hath his Ebbes and flowes, while being contented with his owne eſtate, he lives moſt happy in his ſolitude, remaining ſo private in the Wilderneſſe, where like a true Hermite he keepes an exact and endleſſe ſilence in his

his cell assigned him by nature.

12. *The Coalepit*

IS the Shop of *Mulciber*, or *Vulcan's* Forge, where *Neptune's* Trident, *Jove's* Thunderbolts, and *Mars* his Sword and Target were first forged. If *Pluto's* treasury be golden Mynes in the bowels of the earth, this is his Kitchin, seated in his cellars there, or his Coalehouse rather, where hee stores his fuell for his rosts. It is the right downe staire-

caſe that from the face of the earth, leades into his Pallaces beneath, whoſe ſtaires are no more than a wicker basket, and a rope, not to hold, but to hang by rather. It is a chimny, whoſe tunnell caſts no ſmoake, but damps, yet able to make all the chimnies of the world to ſmoake. It is the Peru of Newcaſtle Merchants. The Havana where they make their randevouz for their black and ſable gold. It is the *Mare mortuum*, or black ſea, where they dive for Pearles, a Pearlelike treaſure hidden in the ſcallop

of

of coale, through its inestimable riches. It seems to bee no other mould than ordinary, a little blacker than the richer sort of our best soyle. If the wildernesse bee sicke or distempered with some melancholy, or choler adust; it is the opening of the veine to let out that coaly and black stuffe, true melancholy indeed: while the Auger is the lancet that pierceth it, the Buckets the launcers which receive the corrupt bloud. Hee is very charitable, who hath not only an ardent heat and fervour in himselfe, but is

euer ready to communicate the ſame to others, eſpecially if they approach unto him, and bee but converſant and familiar with him: it being not poſſible for one to keepe him company for any time, and not enflamed, though of iron, or harder hearted than a very ſtone. He is a right Salamander that lives in the fire, but yet for want of freſh company, will even die in the fire it ſelfe, and, as all things elſe, at laſt bee brought to aſhes. The truth is, hee is not a maſter cooke, but a ſcullion, and therefore meddles no higher

higher than with making the fire only. He is fitter indeed for the Kitchin than the Parlour, for his ill complexion he gives to others; especially Ladyes, and the finer sort, who therefore cashcere him thence, and shut him out for a rude companion. Hee is but of meane and base condition, and hath his extraction from the earth only, both by father and mother, whereas Seignior Charcoale is of a better descent, and comes perhaps from the loynes of stately Ash, Oak, or Beech. Hee is good to approach to, but

not too neere, for so hee will anger you, and put you into a heat, but if you keepe your distance with him, hee is a very good companion in the winter. And to tell you truth, hee is a good plaine fellow, and an honest Blacksmith, and in the forge will take his liquor as well as his master, if hee take not too much.

13. *The Beare*

IS a clumzy fisted fellow come from Greenland, who goes in a Rugge-gown,

gown, for the coldneſſe of that climate, which here alſo hee cannot leave off, out of cuſtome. Hee is a true ſavage, who hath no more civility with him than that place can afford him: By his gate you wold take him to bee a right cripple, who goes on his hands, while his foreſeet are much ſhorter than his hinder. Hee is no witch though hee border upon Lapland, and bee tied to a ſtake, for hee burnes not there, though he bee hot, and put into a chaſe by the Maſtive dogs. He is peſtilence kind where hee takes, for if hee chance to

catch

catch a dog in his armes, hee ſo hugges him, as hee will even breake his back withall. Hee is very licoriſh, which makes him love bony ſo much, that coſts him many a ſcratcht face by thoſe peeviſh Elfs who have the keeping of it; but he cares not, ſo he may lick his lips after it. What his tallents are otherwiſe, I know not, but I am ſure, hee hath good tallons of his owne that take ſuch hold of one. Some call them clawes, but they do him wrong, for he cannot flatter. But I ſhould take them for pawes rather, which will make

make you pauſe ere you get out of them. If he be a man of warre, he is a tall one, for hee fights high, and is nothing ſnugge as the Bull is, who fights ſo low; but high or low, when he fights, he will be ſure to roare full loud with his cannon voyce, if hee bee put to it. Hee is very unthrum at every thing he goes about, and brings his work but rawly forth, till with the fyling of the tongue with much adoe, he brings them at laſt to ſome perfection. He is a good Trencherman, for hee will eat ſoundly at an other mans coſt. But if he

be

be at his own finding, hee will dine you sometimes with Duke *Humphrey*, and keepe his chamber like one with never a peny in his purse. They have their Seniors with them, it should seem, who have their Majorities and Minorities amongst them: but fall not out about precedence, because in the heavens there is no strife at all; the truth is, hee would make at least a good Groome in the Lyons Court, especially the Porter there, for his grim looke and the habit hee weares.

14. *The Muſtard-ſeed*

SEemes to be a thing of nothing. It is even the dwarfe among the reſt of ſeeds; and yet is a Giant if you deale with him. *Hee* is very ſnappiſh, for if you meddle with him, he will ſtrait take you by the noſe. *He* is full of his jeſts, which are ſo quick and ſharpe, as you will not know how to reliſh them, for they bite ſhrewdly. *Hee* hath a ſtrange manner with him, while hee will touch you by the tongue, and tickle you in the noſe, and ſo tyran-

tyrannize upon you, as he will make you put finger in the eye. *He* is alone but a common ſouldier, but if they gather together, and make a muſter, there is no hoe with them, eſpecially when they take their liquor well, for then they will aſſault the ſtouteſt man of the guard. Poore Iohn were but a poore thing, were it not for him, and a Ioule of Ling, a fit companion for the beſt mans table, will bluſh to appeare without his company, when they will never lin calling for him, where is the Muſtard? yea, a Sur-

Surloyn of Beefe, as ſurly as he lookes, after he hath bin well ſouſed in a briniſh ſea, and come ſafely off with a powder, and be never ſo well larded within with fat on his ſides, yet if he have not this caſe of Piſtols by his ſide, no man will reguard him. Hee is hot and firy of nature, which makes him mount up to the brain, as to his proper element, where he keepes ſuch a buſtling, as hee turnes all the liquors thence out of the glaſſe windowes. He is very ſaucy whereſoever hee comes to any mans table, for he will take upon

on him to ſeaſon every diſh, ſo much ſometimes as he mars all, till hee take his ſugar with him, for then hee hath no fellow. He is but little in himſelfe, but growes to be an Oak among the reſt of herbs; upon whoſe boughes, the chanting birds take pleaſure to warble out their deſcants, and who knows whether to the honour of this miracle of ſeeds. He feares not the Muſter maſter ſo much, who but layes him forth to take view of them and no more, as the Muſtard maker, who puts him into Bridewell, as it were, to

pound

pound in a Morter. If he be of the right ſtamp, and a true Tewxbury man, he is a cholericke gentleman, and will beare no coales; but will himſelfe ſtrike any man into a heat that takes him into his roofe; though indeed he will eaſily bee pacified againe with a cruſt of bread, and ſo long I hold him to bee no ſuch perillous Companion.

15. The

15. *The Gooſe*

IS the truſtie Centinel of the Romane Capitol, whom *Heliogabolus* hated and the Romanes honoured ſo much. She hath but a ſimple looke with her, but hath a great deale more matter in her, then you would take her to have. Yet ſhee hath no good way to bring up her children, for ſhe ſtill keeps them at home ſhee is ſo fond of them; nor ever ſends them abroad to ſee faſhions, whereby they prove to bee arrand guls, and know not how to looke

looke a man in the face. She maintains them handſome enough in apparell, if not too richly for her calling, while they go in Pluſh every day, aſſoone as they come out of their cradle, but of a colour as makes them to bee right guls indeed. There is no deceit in them, but are honeſt ſwizers all, as bred in *Lucerna* Lake. They hate the Laurell, which is the reaſon they have no Poets amongſt them; ſo as if there be any that ſeeme to have a ſmatch in that generous Science, he arrives no higher then the ſtile of a Ballet, wherin they have

a reasonable facultie; especially at a Wake, when they assemble themselves together at a Towne-greene, for then they sing their Ballets, and lay out such throats as the countrey Fidlers cannot bee heard. They are good penmen, though no good Clarks, but yet excellent Scribes, who copie forth all the Books that are. But for the Gander hee is so curst, and is so full of teeth, that hee even sputters againe, and hath no good utterance with him, and therefore by all Scribes is thrust out for a wrangler, being good for nothing but

but to ſweepe houſes, which hee will do very neatly. She is good for bed and boord, for bed while there is no Feather-bed or Pillow likely without her; & for the boord, there is no Feaſt if ſhe be not there. She is able to furniſh a whole table her ſelfe; if Pudding, Pottage, Roſt, and baked, make but a feaſt. She is very hot of nature, which makes her bathe ſo much, and go barefoot, Winter and Summer. She is no Witch or Aſtrologer to divine by the Starres, but yet hath a ſhrewd gueſſe of rainie weather being as good as

an

an Almanack to ſome that beleeve in her. She hath a great opinion of her owne ſtature, eſpecially if ſhe be in company of the reſt of her Neighbours and fellow-ghoſtſps the Duckes and the Hennes at a Harveſt-feaſt: for then if ſhe enter into the Hall there, as high and wide as the doore is, ſhe will ſtoop for feare of breaking her head; And is ſo full of tongue the while, as ſhe takes up the whole diſcourſe of the Table, which makes her ſo much noted for it: She hath but a hoarſe voyce when ſhe ſings forth; becauſe ſhee ſtraines it ſo much,

much, whereas if ſhee would ſing but ſomewhat lower, her voyce perhaps would be more gratefull; but as it is, I know not a worſe. She liſps not when ſhe ſpeakes, but pronounces her ſ ſ very perfectly, in ſo much as ſhe hiſſes againe, the reaſon may be, becauſe her Organ-pipe is made in forme of an S. In fine, I could wiſh there were none that had more malice in them.

16. *The Horſe*

IS a creature made as it were in waxe. When nature firſt framed him, ſhe took a ſecret complacence in her worke. He is even her maſter-peece in irracionall things, borrowing ſomewhat of all things to ſet him forth. For example his ſlicke bay Coat, hee tooke from the Cheſnut, his Necke from the Rainbow, which perhaps make him rain ſo wel; his Maine belike he tooke from *Pegaſus*, making him a Hobbie to make this a compleat Gennet, which Main he

he weares ſo curld, much after the womens faſhions now adayes, this I am ſure of, howſoever it becomes them: It ſets forth our Gennet well, his legges he borrowed of the Hart with his ſwiftneſſe, which makes him a true courſer indeed. The Starres in his forehead hee fetcht from heaven, which will not be much miſt, there being ſo many. The little head he hath, broad breaſt, fat buttocke, and thicke tayle, are properly his owne; for he knew not where to get him better. If you tell him of the hornes he wants to make him moſt compleat,

he ſcornes the motion, and ſets them at his heele. He is well ſhod eſpecially in the upper leather, for as for his ſoles, they are much at reparation, and often faine to be removed. Nature ſeemes to have ſpent an Apprentiſhip of yeares to make you ſuch a one, for it is full ſeven yeares ere hee comes to this perfection, and be fit for the Sadle: for then (as we) he ſeemes to come to the yeares of diſcretion, when he will ſhew a kinde of rationall judgement with him, and if you ſet an expert Rider on his backe, you ſhall ſee how ſenſi-

ſenſiblie they will talke together as Maſter and Scholler. When he ſhall be no ſooner mounted and planted in the ſeat with the reins in one hand, a ſwitch in the other, and ſpeaking with his ſpurres in the *Horſes* flankes, a language he wel underſtands, but he ſhall prance, curvet, and dance the Canaries halfe an houre together in compaſſe of a buſhell, and yet ſtill as he thinkes get ſome ground, ſhaking the goodly plume on his head with a comely pride. This will our *Bucephalus* do in the liſts. But when hee comes abroad into the

fields hee will play the countrey Gentleman as truly as before the Knight in Turnament. If the game be up once, and the hounds in chaſe, you ſhall ſee how he will pricke up his eares ſtreight, & tickle at the ſport as much as his Rider ſhall, and laugh ſo loud, that if there be many of them, they will even drowne the rurall harmony of the dogges. When he travels, of all Innes he loves beſt the ſigne of the ſilver bell, becauſe likely there he fares beſt, eſpecially if hee come the firſt, and get the prize. He carries his eares upright, nor ſeldome

ſeldome ever lets them fall till they be cropt off, and after that as in deſpight will never weare them more. His taile is ſo eſſentiall to him, that if he looſe it once hee is no longer an *Horſe*, but ever ſtiled a Curtall. To conclude, he is a blade of *Vulcans* forging, made for *Mars* of the beſt metall, and the Poſt of *Fame* to carrie her tidings through the world, who if he knew his own ſtrength would ſhrewdly put for the Monarchie of our wilderneſſe.

17. *The Hawk*

IS a noble Bird, and if the Eagle be royally deſcended, and of the bloud, hee is one of the Peeres of that Monarchy, that would put in for the Crown, if that line failed. The truth is, he is a companion for a Prince, who will not ſtick ſometimes as a favour to take him by the hand, yea that hand which every one ſtrives to kiſſe, will not diſdaine to kiſſe his foot, and bee his footſtoole. He is ſuch a Courtier, that a Clown will commit you a thouſand

ſand abſurdities in his language, but only to ſpeake of him, much leſſe know how to demeane himſelfe in his preſence, and to give him his dues. He is ſo punctuall and preciſe in all things, as he hath a peculiar language, as it were, to himſelfe, ſo as hardly hee hath a feather about him, that hath not his proper appellation. There is a world of diſtinct families ſprung from the ancient ſtock of the Hawkes, while there are no yeomen amongſt them, being all daintily bred. The females, which are the wives with them,

do weare the breeches, the Males having yeelded up the right of ſuperiority to them, as being the true Amazons of that ſpecies. They are chaſt and loyall enough to their mates, nor will eaſily ſtain the marriage bed; but the male is fain to play the cocquain at home to look to the houſe, while the goodwife her ſelfe will go to the market to ſeeke proviſion, or hunt for the purpoſe. They go in ſeverall habits, ſome with long ſleeves, they call wings, other ſhorter, and ſo are ſtiled ſhort or long wing'd Hawes, according

to

to their habits, but ſo, as conſtant ever in the faſhion they once take up. They have excellent Taylors when need is to mend their cloathes, who will put you peeces ſo cunningly in, that they ſhall not be perceived. Hoods are a great faſhion with them, which terme they keepe common with us; but for their bootes, they call them Geſſes, to diſtinguiſh them from ours. They are very forgetfull, for being tied ſo faſt by the heeles, they never think of it, but will offer to fly away an hundred times an houre. She hath

ſo

ſo curious a pallat of her owne, as ſhe will not truſt any cooke to dreſſe her fowle for her, but will plume and pick it her ſelfe with an admirable dexterity. If ſhe bee high with too much eaſe, and grow purſie, ſhee will phyſick her ſelfe, and take a vomit, and thereby come as ſound as a Bell. She hath a piercing and rowling eye in her head, but no wanton, being ſo honeſt: otherwiſe ſhee were like enough to have many paramours, who goes ſo much abroad at her owne pleaſure. When ſhe goes a hunting, ſhee is well attended

tended with many that go with chaines about their necks, by two and two, which they call couples, where they doe nothing but ſerve her, and put up her game; yea, the beſt man in the company will not refuſe to toyle and ſweat to ſhew her ſport, and of all they take, ſhe is firſt ſerv'd. They are ſomewhat fantaſticall, and as their manner is, will take a toy now and then, and go ſtrait beyond ſeas without a licence, or taking leaue of their friends ere they go, where when they come, or returne againe, they are held as paſſen-

passengers and great travellers, and happy he who can get them into his service: they never stirre no way but the bels ring. They are watcht sometimes, they are so unhappy, especially when they have not sowed all their wilde Oats. If they bee once reclaimed from their debauchments, they prove notable convertyts, and very obedient to the cure.

18. *The Elephant*

IS a huge Coloſſus or Mauſoleon of fleſh and bloud to bury quicke in, a certain thing they call life, which like an Artificiall engine within, gives it a motion, and makes it a kind of a moving Pageant in the form of an *Elephant*. He is the vaſt Poliphemus or Gogmagog of the Wilderneſſe, but without a Clubbe, while his owne bulke is Club enough to terrifie withall. It is a hulk at land of ſuch a burden, that when it moves it is hard to ſay, whether the trees

trees paſſe by it, or it ſaile by the trees. He is as the Whale amongſt Beaſts that might well have wafted *Ionas* through the Deſert had it beene his way to *Ninive*. The *Trojan* Horſe was not ſo handſome and commodious to lodge the *Grecian* Ambuſcado, as he had been within his flanks. It is a living houſe not tyled without, but pentiſed rather with oake boords, not thatch'd becauſe he hath no haire on his backe. He hath no manners at all in him, for he will ſtill be leaning on ſome tree or other, and is ſo heavie and lubberly, that

that ſometimes the tree will fall, and he lye ſprawling on the ground. He is ſo ſtiffe in the hammes, as he cannot make you a handſome legge, nor ſo much as kneele to his own Father to aske him bleſſing. He can yet make ſhift to dance if he liſt, but that ſo unhandſomely, as for ſhame of other witneſſes hee practiſes by Moone-light. Hee hath no loftie Galiards with him, but all his revelling is with ground tricks, and then eſpecially when hee falls downe flat, as hee often doth. He is very religious, I ſhould ſay ſuperſtitious rather,

rather, for they will flocke in ſholes to worſhip the Moone at full, and the Sunne at his ariſe. He is a ſturdie Porter that will carry you a whole Tower on his backe, and yet will not ſweat you a haire for it. He is a good Sword-man, and layes about him in the warres, but cannot weild the two hand-ſword nor is any Fencer at all for want of a Dagger hand to ward withall. He is a notable Birder too, for he is never without his trunke in his mouth. But no Rat-catcher, while every mouſe will be ready to take him by the Noſe, and make him

him roare like himſelfe. They are not fruitfull, for they breed but once in all their life, and then bring forth but one at once: whence it is they have no Gavelkin tenour amongſt them, the occaſion of much ſtrife, but every one is heire apparent to his father, but living as they do three hundred yeares (as they ſay) they are faine to ſtay long ere they enter into their lands. In a word, he is ſo intelligent, and hath ſo good a memorie and judgement with him, that were he not where I finde him amongſt Beaſts in our Wilderneſſe, I

ſhould

ſhould thinke hee were ſome one of *Vliſſes* crew transformed into that ſhape.

19. The Gnat

IF you take him as he is indeed, is but a point, but an Atome, but a little nothing that flies in the aire: but otherwiſe is a vaſte Amphitheater, wherein the divine wiſedome takes pleaſure to ſhew his omnipotence. He hath a curious pallet of his owne, which makes him ſo liquoriſh of humane bloud, which this little Caniball daily and night-

nightly ſuckes at others coſts. There is ſomething doubtleſſe in the fornace of the ſtomacke of this little piece of creature, which cauſeth ſuch a raging thirſt as cannot be ſatisfied. It is a pleaſure to ſee him ſwim in the ayre, where he flies without flying, or rather the ayre flies for him, and ſerves him as a Coach to convey him at pleaſure. They ſay he hath wings, but indeed he hath none, for that which is faſtened to his backe ſo, and glued at it were unto his skinne, in forme of wings is no more then aire, and a wind wrought to a ſtuffe that hath

hath no name, nor all *Chyna* affoords you any ſuch, and that is it, they call his wings. And yet with them he will skimme and vault in the ayre, like a Mountebanke upon the Stage. He is a notable tilter, and with his launce, will not miſſe you his adverſary, but ſmite him full on the face, and that ſo dexterouſly as you ſhall not know who did it, being the onely recreation he takes. This is admirable in him, that the Speare which is felt by night of ſuch as ſleep, cannot bee ſeene by day by ſuch as wake. Hee never puts it in the reſt in vaine; for

for either he fetches bloud indeed, or leaves ſome marke of his valour and dexteritie behinde him. He is but a Pigmie or Dwarfe of himſelfe, but being on his Stilts, he would make you beleeve he were ſome body, and ſo he is indeed, for he is all body and no legges. He hath a voyce notwithſtanding like a Giant, and if he be diſpoſed to put it in tune, hee ſings you a deepe tenour; and layes out ſuch a throat withall, that ſhall drowne a Quire of better muſicke. The harmony they make of many parts is none of the beſt, the reaſon is, becauſe

cauſe they have no Treble amongſt them, but all trouble and confuſion. When they go into the warres among themſelves, they keepe no diſcipline at all, nor march all their troopes in files, but pelmel ruſh in one upon another, and every one ſounds his owne Trumpet. When he ſings he would make you beleeve he runs diviſion, being no more then a ſhaking of the bodie, through a fooliſh tricke hee hath got, to dance when hee ſings, or to ſing when he dances. When he liſts to taſte a cup of wine, he hath his wimble to pierce the veſſell

the veſſell that holds his Hipocras, which is likewiſe his Quill to ſup his Poſſets. He is an excellent Chirurgion, who with his lancet will not miſſe you a veine, though at midnight. He is no good Tobacconiſt, ſince what hee takes he lets down, which makes him dogge-ſicke. Being bred in the marſhes, hee is much ſubiect to rewmes and grievous defluxions of the eyes, and therefore cannot abide a ſmoakie roome, but will immediately avoid it, and bee readie to breake his necke out of the window for haſte. They are notorious

rious rebels, for if they riſe once, they chiefly ayme at the head, witneſſe the frequent ryots they make, eſpecially about our heads and faces. Hee is a great whiſperer, and teller of tales in our eares, but ſo as one is never the wiſer for them. In fine, they are buſie bodies where they have no thankes for their labours.

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20. The Mole

TAkes his name from his extraction the Mould, being of the ancient familie of *Adam* by the Mothers ſide. He hath no Armes at all, though he be ſo anciently deſcended, nor any legges that he can garter. For his ſquare ſhoulders, he is an *Atlas* right, for as he ſhores up the heavens with his, this beares the earth on his backe. Hee is in truth an Engener, who is wholly occupied in Mines and Countermines. Hee is a great Lord, for he is ma-

ſter of many burrowes, which meeting together with Streets and Lanes, make up a goodly Citie of his owne, which is not paved, becauſe the Citizens there go all bare-foot. He is a good Ferrier under ground, but bolts no Rabbets out, becauſe they are Countrey men, and haile-fellowes well met. He hath no eyes that hee can ſee with, becauſe the Sunne ſhines not in his Region, and as for Candle-light, he needs it not, becauſe his chiefeſt trade conſiſts in groping out his worke. The Waſpes belike dee hire his vaults and Cellars

to

to inhabite in, but what rent they pay him, or what Tenants they prove, I cannot tell: but I ſhould think he were even as good to forgo his rent quite, as to demand it at their hands. He is the true Spirit of the earth, that cauſeth ſuch Earthquakes, as would make a world of Ants beleeve that Doomes-day were come. He is an Outlaw, and a publicke Bando ſet forth againſt him, with a reward of fiftie Maravedes propoſed to any, that ſhall bring him to the Lord of the Soile either dead or alive. Yea there are ſome Braves of pur-

poſe ſet a worke to cut them off, and yet as brave as they are, they dare not ſet upon them, but creeping by ſtealth, and armed with many Stillettoes at once. But yet for my part, I hold them good Swizzers that would live contented in their Stoves; if they would let them alone: For alas! what would they have them to do. To keepe in alwayes, and never to looke out of doores, were a hard caſe, while this is all the hurt I ſee they do.

20. The Peacocke

IS the Paradiſe among Birds, but not the Bird of Paradiſe, becauſe not ſo innocent. Hee is the heavenly Spheare in feathered things. For if the heavens have one *Iris*, he wil ſhew you many *Iriſes* at once. Hee is a whole Court in himſelfe upon S. *George* his day, where all is nothing elſe but braverie. Or rather is the Knight who rides in pompe at his Inſtallment, attended with an honorable traine ſo awfull and obſequious of him as they even tremble at every

motion of his body. He is very circumſpect, but tis but to ſee who notes him, and very carefull of his carriage, becauſe he knows he hath many eyes upon him. Hee is no Mercer of Cheape-ſide who keepes a conſtant ſhop at home, but a Pedlar rather that carries his packe about him, which he will open every foot, but ſells no ware, he ſets ſo great a price upon them. If you looke on them, hee cares for no more; but if you take off your eye once, he will bee in his dumpes ſtraight, put up his packe, and go his wayes. Hee is

no

no Goldſmith on the other ſide, who utters plate and that by weight, but a right Ieweller who deales with nothing elſe but jemmes, a commoditie more light, but yet of greater price. The truth is, rather, he is a true Feather-man of *Blacke friers*, but none buies at his ſhop but giddy heads; for the *Eſtrige* is more in requeſt, and puts him by his cuſtome. It is a merry world with him, who alwayes carries his Spring about him, where every Feather is a rare Tulip. When he is diſpoſed hee will keepe State, but it is in the Hall

onely all for ſhew, for in the Dining roome there is but poore doings, becauſe hee ſpends all on fine cloathes, and beſtowes nothing on his belly. He hath a Turret to his Palace, where his head ſtands like a Weather-cocke as fickle as it: for it will turne and wind on this ſide and that ſide with everie puffe of vanitie. When he hath all his accoutrements about him, you would take him to be a tall ſhip well rig'd and deckt with ſtreamers top and top gallant, but no Merchant man, becauſe no ſubſtance in him. He is very ſpruce and neat, and can

can abide no ſordities at all, and wil make you ſport to ſee how gingerly he wil paſſe over a heape of duſt. He is wiſe, but tis but in his owne opinion, for hee is ſuch a prodigall that once a yeare he turns bankrupt; and then ſhall you heare him cry a myle off as one that had loſt all. Were it not yet for his pride, hee might be an Angel among Birds, whereas now he is a *Lucifer*, and altogether as proud as he: which may be the reaſon he hates the Serpent ſo much; for proud folkes can never agree together, or elſe becauſe hee borrowed his head of him,

for

for where you borrow once, you loſe your friend and turne enemy.

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22. *The Batte*

IS a right Amphibium; with the Mice, hee is a Mouſe, with Birds, a Bird; complying ſo with both kindes to inſinuate himſelfe with either, and by the priviledge ſo of his double habit, makes an excellent intelligencer for either State. Hee loves not the Citie, as being, he thinks, too full of tumults. The Country he likes better,

ter, and eſpecially the Yeomens houſes, where he findes his chiefeſt roſt-meat. He is a great Student by day, but what hee ſtudies I know not, unleſſe it be the blacke Art, for hee loves darkeneſſe, and hates the light: Howſoever hee keepes within doores all the day, to what other purpoſe I know not. Hee is no great traveller, for hee loves not to goe farre from the ſmell of the ſmoake of that chimnie where hee was bred and borne. Hee is a notable good husband, who in an age will not ſpend you a penny in good fellowſhip,

If

If he walke abroad at any time, it is towards the evening, where hee will fetch you a turne or two, till he can ſee no more, and then goes to bed to ſave candlelight, and perhaps ſupperleſſe too, for I am not privie with his ordinarie diet. When they are Infants, and but newly weaned from the breaſt, they feede them with Gnats, a great Regalo with them. They are well toothed, for they bite ſhrewdly, the reaſon is, becauſe they are not given to fruit, ſo as it is a rare matter to heare of a Barber ſent for to them to draw a tooth.

tooth. He that ſhould ſee them but even now to walke on the ground like drowned Mice, and immediately got up a cockehorſe, not knowing the miſtery of their wings, would wonder what upſtart fellowes they were, ſo ſodainly prickt up to honours. They ſee nothing by day, and it ſeems as little by night, for they will run full upon you, ere they or you bee aware. Though hee be no *Phaeton*, becauſe his wings are not of feathers, nor a *Magus* becauſe not borrowed, or any waies counterfeit or helpt by art Magicke,

gicke, yet is he a very impoſtour, for who would imagine them to be made of leather? They are moſt ſacrilegious, for they will make no conſcience to rob Churches, which they do as often as they come where Lampes are, for they love Oyle beyond meaſure. There is great averſions betweene them and the Ants, the reaſon therof I could never learn, unles it be for that they are both amphibiums alike, while *Figulus figulum odit*; ſince the winged Ant is a mungrill between the Worme and the Flye, as he betweene the Bird and the

the Beaſt. In fine, though hee be a Batte, hee is no timber, eſpecially of the Plane-tree, which he hates as he hates plaine dealings, which to the vertuous and good is a great jewell.

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23. *The Moſſe*

IS properly the mantle of the Wilderneſſe; a Stuffe that is either Tapiſtrie, Valence, Velvet, or Pluſh, or rather is all of them, according to the uſe it is put to. It is ordinarily a winter weare, and then is moſt in faſhion. It is wrought

wrought truely not of Silke, nor woven with Threed or Cruell, but is rather a downy ſtuffe as will never be thred-bare, though it be worne winter & ſummer, or whole ages. It is commonly betweene an Olive colour, and a Beazar, curiouſly mingled in the ſtuffe; not died, but naturall, and ſo good the colours, that they never fade or change the hew. The Birds make good uſe of it, who hang their houſes with that Dornix, and make it ſerve for flock beds under their feather beds. The very rocks and ſtones of the deſart are glad ſometimes

times to put on Ierkins of that Freeze, to defend them from the cold. It is a wooll that if it could ſpin and hold out a threed as well as ours, it would ſell as well as Cotſall wooll, and make as good as any Kentiſh cloath. It were excellent to make Felts with, as I ſhould thinke as good as any Beaver, if wee had but the art to dreſſe and handle it as it ſhould be. Hee will ſometimes ſeeme to perke up to honours, while he gets him on the tops of houſes, but I dare ſay of no pride, but charity to defend them better from the raine and

weather

weather when they waxe old. He is no great feeder, for he will live in the barren'ſt places, and ſterve the whole wilderneſſe beſides, ere he pinch a whit. Hee is never young, or very old, but ſtill keepes the ſame complexion he had at firſt, and beares his yeeres excellent well; a good Spring helpes him nothing, nor a hard winter empaires him a whit. He is ever in good ſtate for ſoule and body no doubt, who ſeemes to bee ſo mortified a creature, as to be alwaies ready for the tomb, and yet never comes there, but lives for ever, as one may ſay, in this very life,

life, enjoying an endleſſe reſt. He is moſt conſtant in himſelfe, and hates inconſtancie in all others, ſo as by his will hee will have nothing to doe with any ſuch, as appeares by the ſaying, that a rowling ſtone gathers no Moſſe. To conclude, he hath a good nature with him, and truely loves where he takes.

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24. *The Ant*

IS a kinde of Serpent, a *Serpendo*, not on his belly, as pleading not guilty to that curſe, but with

with his feet, and therfore a footman right. They are great theeves, and live upon rapine, eſpecially in filching of corne, and if they lived in any other well governed Commonwealth then theirs, they ſhould be ſure to be laid in the Iayle for it: but with them all is fiſh that comes to the net. They haue no King, becauſe they will have none, and that is all the reaſon they will yeeld for it. They like better of the Republiques, then of Monarchies, for ſo they may come happily to ſhuffle their owne cards themſelves. They have no gentry

try among them, they live like Switzers lazing in their Stoves or Caves under ground. They are true Netherlanders indeed, becauſe their Country lyes under the ground, and ſomewhat northerly, becauſe likely they ſee not the ſunne for halfe a yeere together. In ſtead of Embaſſadors, they have their agents abroad, true agents indeed as full of action. Their Common-wealth is not governed by the preſcripts of *Solon*, or thoſe of *Lycurgus*, whoſe lawes were civill, but rather by the lawes of their corrupt nature. For though they

live

live now in the time of grace, yet have they no benefit thereof, being Atheists all. And if there be any that have any feeling of God, it is but while the judgements of God light on him. They ſcarcely heed any of his precepts, more then *creſcite & multiplicamini*, which they truely obſerve to the letter. Whence it is their common-wealth is ſo populous, that if they were not very induſtrious, they might ſtarve for ought I know. They have no ſtate houſes amongſt them, becauſe no buildings there but caves in the ground, according

according to the fashion of that Country. The Boores will assemble together to betake themselves to severall offices for the publicke good; some to carry corne to their granaries, where a single grain is accounted a load for a sturdy Ant, and he shall brag as much of it, as ours shall do for the carrying halfe a seame of wheat, and if one cannot, two will joyne together, and carry it between them. They go somtimes to the warres, but gaine more by craft then downe right blowes. They have no flying armies, because

they are foot all, and have no wings, but they have their running Armies, and then it is when they ſhew their heeles. In fine, they have many enemies, but like the Foxe, fare beſt when they are moſt curſt.

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25. *The Ivie,*

WHether a tree, or what it is I know not, at leaſt hath great alliance with them, and ſome affinitie, as having often matched with many of their ſtockes: but is indeed it ſelfe a fatall and unlucky fam-

family to joyne with, as being the ruine of many of them. Hee hath great ambition to linck himſelfe with the ancienteſt houſes hee can get into, and ſo kinde where hee takes, as hee kils with kindneſſe. He is a ſure friend, for hee never leaves one, till hee hath brought him to the laſt caſt. He ſhewes himſelfe to bee very amorous, as being full of his embraces, but they are trayterous complements. Hee reverenceth Antiquity much, and will be alwayes in the graveſt company. He hath the honour to be joyned with the Bayes in

Poets wreathes, in their laureat acts. He is a right Noune Adjective, that cannot ſtand without his Subſtantive; but yet makes a foule Soleciſme, that never agrees with him in Caſe, becauſe without; nor in Gender, becauſe of a different kinde; nor Number, becauſe the one is ſingular, the other plurall, being twenty to one. Hee is a very Leech, that ſucks the bloud out of the veines, and ſokes up the ſap and humour ſo, as the party growes old, and will decay in a ſhort time. There are ſome Martialiſts amongſt them, as appeareth

peareth by their valour, who are ſo warlike, as to aſſault Caſtles, ſcale the wals, and mount the battlements thereof. There is great conteſtation between him and the Holly, and much part-taking on both ſides about precedence, and taking the upper place, which no Herald will or can, I thinke, take up. Hee is all heart, you would thinke, that makes him ſo kinde as hee ſeemes to be, where every leafe is a token thereof, yet he is indeed a very diſſembler, and a right paraſite, who can ſooth and claw ſo for his owne ends, uſing a

dumbe Eloquence, and expreſſing with ſignes and tokens onely, what his tongue, if he had it, would do.

26. The Daw

IS a pert companion, and a right pedant, becauſe hee goes in blacke, and wants the gravitie that coat requires. He is a Linguiſt becauſe a man of his tongue, but no Latiniſt, becauſe his K is no letter in that Alphabet. He is a very ſpalt, that carries his head ſo like a ſhittlecocke, and no marvell, who hath ſuch

ſuch a ſhittle braine of his owne. Hee will ſtalke you up and downe as he were ſome bodie, and ſo he is, for hee hath a bodie, and that is all. He ſeemes to be a proud Iacke, for what, I know not, unleſſe for his Buckram jacket, which he takes perhaps to be right Satin. He goes very ſpruce, in his Spaniſh leather boots, but blacke, becauſe ſuitable he thinkes; and is ſo neat, that hee weares gamaſhes over them, of what colour he cares not, though they be red, for ſo he ſhall bee more conſpicuous. *Hee* hath none of the *Dove* in him, for

though he be simple, he is not innocent, nor is a Serpent; because he hath no malice in him, and yet of the two, is more knave than foole. *He* is very ambitious, who alwayes aymes at the soveraigntie of the highest Steeples, which he uses for Towres to looke about him: But is base in other things, who for his Tabernacle, is content to put his head in a hole. The bels he cares not for a whit, who hath a bell of his owne, which when he list to ring out indeed, they will rattle such a peale, that will even drown the bels of Osney.

They

They say he is no Gentleman borne, but a yeoman, and therefore is called plaine Iacke, but they do him wrong, for he will be very tame & gentle; while it is onely his much familiaritie with us, that makes him called so: For the truth is, the Chaugh, the Rookes, and they were all of a familie once; but now are three distinct houses, giving the Bill for Armes, but with some difference, whereby the *Daw* appeares to be of the elder house who hath his without any difference at all. In fine, I hold him a good companion, and as the

world goes now adayes, an honeſt knave.

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7. *The Snake.*

OR Serpent, is that creature that deceiued our firſt Parent *Eue*. For his skin, he is a right Panther, but yet hath nothing neare ſo ſweete a breath that ever I could heare of. *He* ſeemes to carrie a whole heaven upon his backe, it being ſo variouſly diſtinguiſhed here and there with little ſpeckled clouds, diſperſed all over in a ſeren night. *Hee* hath an ill tongue, that cannot

cannot ſpeak a good word of any one, and a ſhrewd wit with his ill tongue, for betweene jeſt and earneſt, hee will ſting one to the quicke, and the worſt is, they are ſuch cruell jeſts he breakes, that they even feſter where they light. He is a right Forreſter, for he never goes without his forked Arrow in a readineſſe, to ſhoot and wound whom he liſt, and is ſo churliſh in his office, as it is but a word and a blow with him; and is ſo full of his windings and turnings to this ſide and that ſide, as one knowes not where to have him. Hee is ſome great

great malefactour belike, for hee lurkes continually in holes, as if he durſt not ſhew his face: but it is indeed to worke ſome miſchiefe when hee ſees his time. He is neat in his habit, & when it is a twelvemoneth old, changeth it for a new. Hee hath no ſleeves to his coat, and yet is ſtreightly putto it, while he gets it off; but he cares not what paines he takes, ſo he may be fine, & have a new one. He is eſteemed to bee devout, while hee mortifies his body ſo much, for hee cares not what they do with it, ſo they ſpare his head, the

better

better part, where chiefly his Soule resides. Hee is cold of complexion, but not good of condition, who spits poyson. It is true hee hath an ill name, whereas, were it not for his sting which hath made him to loose his credit so, I see not but for his silver Coat and other habiliments he hath, he might bee received into Ladies laps, and be hang'd about their neckes instead of a Carkanet.

28. The Crab

IS an Apple as well as the reſt, though for his fowre condition, he ſeems to be ſhut out for an harſh companion. This is the rurall *Crab* onely, whereas the Towne *Crab* is of better reſpect, as more civill, and knowne to bee of a ſweeter nature. Hee is a right Forreſter, who is never ſeene without a greene Suite, of ſo good a colour, as will hardly weare yellow. He is a Painter right, not the Apprentice that makes no faces, but the Maſter himſelfe, who will make

make you make a face. He is very rich, who hath ſo good a ſtocke with him, whereof he is no niggard, that ſo freely communicates himſelf to every one, that will but joyne with him, nor ſhall they ever thrive indeed or fructifie well till then. He would faine turne Vintner, and utter Wine, Cider at leaſt, but tis but Verges, and he no more then a plaine Chaundler. They ſhould be Schollars, for they have great Seminaries amongſt them, but have no ſeverall claſſes, that makes them ſtand ſo without order, till they aſcend to the Vniverſities

verſities, and then as Graduats they take degrees, and keepe their ranks, according to their ſtanding. He is a generall man, and will cloſe in with everie man, but 'tis for his ends onely to be reſpected, for of himſelfe, hee knowes none will regard him. He is a very *Hydra*, for cut off his head, and he will have three for one, and thoſe much better then the old: or take him for a Martialiſt ſtanding in his file, he is a lame Souldier with ſtumpt Armes, wrapped up in ſearclothes, and this after a hot skirmiſh, when they are put to it, for then likely

likely they are fetcht off. They are not ſtrong, but yet great bearers; for they will bring forth many children at a birth, but thoſe ſo weake, as they never come to any growth. If hee take upon him to make a Tart, he will be as good as his word, for you ſhall be ſure to have him tart enough, and ſo ſterne that all the ſugred ſpeeches in the world will not qualifie him. Though the Pippin be held to be the king of Apples, yet is the *Crab* of an ancienter family then he; as he from whence the Pippin fetches his chiefe bloud, and derives

rives his family; while the *Crab* is deſcended from *Adams* time, from father to ſonne, *linea recta*, without any baſtardy or attainder of bloud. He is a right Brittaine, and true native of this Land, and not a Gaſcoigne come in with the Conquerour; which is the reaſon they deſire to match into his ſtocke; wheras the Gaſcoignes of curtiſie onely made free-denizons, are nothing ſo regarded for antiquity. He is a very Criticke, who ſharply cenſures every thing, but it is no matter while no man regards what hee ſaith, being

knowne to have no iudgement with him. In a word, though he hath lived thus long, he is a man of no experience, nor hath much knowledge in him, which is ſo much the better.

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29. *The Ape*

IS a Mimick made by nature to play the Ape for his owne ends: the truth is, hee is a true Buffon, as made for mirth. The ſport is when he and his Couzin Monky meet together, for they are ſomewhat of kin, but now there having bin ſo many removes between them,

them, their kindred is ſo worne out, as they are but quater Couzins. Hee is a Savadge in the Wilderneſſe, and in the City he is every thing. In the Wilderneſſe he contents himſelfe with the Coat that Nature hath dreſſed him with; in the City he will be, as occaſion ſerves: He hath notable cheeks of his owne to make a Trumpeter, were it not for a great imperfection he hath, that he cannot hold his breath ſo long from chattering with his teeth. *He* is a very ſloven, yet he never eates without his cut finger-gloves: *He* hath but an ill-favoured

favoured foot, and a worſe legge. It is to be feared he is much troubled with the ſtone, for he is a great ſitter. *He* would make a good horſeman, for hee never gaules himſelfe. *He* hath a good wit, but the great agility and dexterity of his fingers is beyond bounds. Wheras others have pockets in their ſlopps likely, he hath his in his Chops. *He* ſhould bee a Poet, for he hath a running head of his owne, as appeares by the many pranks he plaies. *He* is no Muſician, becauſe he cannot keepe an even ſtroke; and which is worſe would breake all the ſtrings,

ſtrings, were it onely to heare them knap aſunder. To conclude, his beſt trade is a true Comedian, to play a Zany or Pantâlon on the Stage, which hee will doe very naturally, and to the life indeed.

30. *The Owle*

DEare to Athens, ſacred to *Minerva*, and the Muſe as it were of nightly lucubrations, is yet to others in the day held to be a Prodigy in nature: but portends no more then a maſſacre of Mice. He is ever buckled as it were for a

a journey; for hee hath alwaies his riding cloake on, his hood with glaſſes for his eyes to looke out at, in the ſpaniſh faſhion. When he perches on a tree, hee ſits like a Prince, in his chaire of eſtate, to give audience, which he doth full ſore againſt his will, while every one hath his owne ſaying, and he without any other reply, faigne to conſent with his nod. For he is a man of few words, and when he ſpeakes, hee ſhewes to have a hollow voyce; unleſſe ſometimes when he puts it forth, for then hee ſqueakes right out, and even ſcreeches againe.

gaine. Hee loves hunting well, and takes great pleasure to hallow to the hounds. But for hawking, he hath no maw to it; nor will once come neere that sport, for feare hee prove an *Actæon*, and become the subject of the game. For quickneſſe of ſight, though hee yeeld to the Eagle in gazing on the ſunne by day, without dazling his eyes, yet hee will chalenge him by moone-light. Hee would make a notable Watchman at midnight, as needing no other Bels alarum then his owne voyce, nor Maſtiffe dogge then his owne

owne gripe. Though moſt unfit for a Centinell in warres, becauſe he cannot change his watch-word, while every one that could but hollow, might paſſe for him. But I ſhould think him apter for a quiet life to pray his nocturnes in the night, leaving the prime and other houres to the Larke, and the reſt of the quire of Birds, to ſing their *Benedicite omnes volucres cæli*, to their common Creator.

31. *The Snayle*

IS a Gentleman every inch of him; as ancient ſurely as *Adams* time; while for Armes, hee hath had a houſe for Coat ever ſince, which he bears to this day. He ſeemes very ſtately in the manner of his gate, but hee is not proud. He is cold of complexion, becauſe flegmaticke, which makes him ſo ſlow of his pace. Hee is a Scholler, for he keepes his ſtudy, though he have no bookes. He is no Accademicke, though a Philoſo-

pher,

pher, because not sociable, but rather a Peripatetick, because a walker; but especially a Stoicke, because he carries all whatsoever hee hath on his backe. If hee were confined to his five miles according to the statute, it would trouble him nothing, while hee would travaile where hee list, yet not incurre the forfeiture, or the penalty of the law. He hath indeed a certaine house of his owne, but no setled one, and a faire porch to it, but no doore. Hee is a free-holder, and no tenant at will, or for any terme that is lesse then his life. There is no cove-

nant ſervants amongſt them, but are houſholders every one. They have no conſtant Cities of their owne, while their houſes joyne not one to another, as others doe. Though they wander much, and gad abroad, yet they are not included in the Statute of rogues. The Snayle and the Periwincle are much alike, with this difference, that the Snayle with paines carries his houſe on his backe, and the Periwincle, houſe and all, is carried with the waves with eaſe, as held up by the chinne. In fine, they are at peace with all

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the world, and have no enimies at all; and so like the Hamburgers, trade and travaile where they please; unlesse in a time of famine, when perhaps for better food, they come to be snapt up, and made good prize.

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32. *The Swallow*

IS the little spirit of the ayre, who will bee here, and there, and every where, in the twinckling of an eye. Hee loves to dwell in the City for societies sake. His house is

built in the manner of the Antipodes, in the vulgar opinion; for as their feet are oppoſite to ours, of conſequence their houſes muſt needs bee turned upſide downe; and ſo are theirs. They have no windowes, or poſterns behind their houſes, but all their light, egreſſe, and regreſſe, is at the porch only, where they keep watch with their bils, both night and day, for feare of forreigne invaſion. Their fare is light and eaſie of digeſtion, which makes them ſo active and nimble as they are; not of worms, for that they hold too groſſe

groſſe and earthly: not of corn, not to put the world to ſo much coſt: nor of fleſh, for they cannot indure the fleſh pots of Egypt. They hawke, hunt, and fiſh where they liſt, as being the Rangers of the Forreſts, allowed by nature through the priviledge of their wing. Hee muſt needs fly well, that feeds on flyes, who is ſo fleet, that hee will ſtay by the way for no mans pleaſure, for hee is alwayes ſet on the ſpurre, and, as it were, the Poſt of the Eagles Court. The difficulty is, he can hardly ſtay ſo long in a place, as to take

his meſſage ere hee goeth, ſo tickle he is. They are notable Phyſitians, or Chirurgians, which you will, for they will cure you the blinde, as readily with the herb Chelidonia, as cauſe it with their dung. In fine, they are welcome gheſts when they come firſt, becauſe they bring in the Summer with them; and never depart without teares when Winter comes.

33. The Oak

IS the *Atlas* of the forrest trees, for though the Pine and Cedar have a loftier creſt, and beare the head more high, yet not ſo full a breaſt, nor with ſo ſquare a paire of ſhoulders. Before *Noahs* time, it was a good proviſion for a frugall family. It is even a market of corne and fruit; and a very prodigy among trees, for whereas ſome have leaves, and no fruit, ſome fruit and leaves; the Oak hath both. If iron were to be ſought for among trees, it would bee

found in the heart of Oak. *He* is a tree more generous than the Walnut, while the Walnut will endure to be beaten by every boy, and his nuts to bee taken from him: but the Oake will not part with his, till hee let them goe of his owne accord: he beares his yeeres beyond measure, for let him alone, and hee will out passe *Methusalems* dayes, and oft times wears out many ages and generations of all his neighbours round about him. The Eagle willingly will perch upon no other tree then him. *He* is no Iew, for he loues Porke well, who

feeds

feeds so many at his owne cost. *He* is very stout, that stands so lustily to all weathers, nor were it good to anger him, for as *formicis sua bilis inest*, he hath his gall, yet otherwise patient enough; for if you make him a Mill-post, hee will patiently beare all; turne him to boards, and he wil humbly lye at your feet, and suffer himselfe to bee trampled on. And which is all that possibly can bee required, hee makes himselfe a very Holocaust, while hee is sacrificed in the fire, and turned to ashes.

34. The Dog

IS a fit Groome for a Princes chamber, becauſe loyall and truſty. He is a fit companion for a Lady, if hee can but creep into her glove, for then ſhall he bee taken up into her lap; yea, her boſome too, and haply bee kiſſed, as a better thing. If hee be a right Iſland, and bee put into the Lyons cur, hee is then no more her ſervant, but her Guardian and Keeper rather; at leaſt he will be her Gentleman-uſher, to lead her in and out. If ſhee haue

no

no children to play with of her owne, hee is like to be her only ſport, without the which ſhee were no Lady. As wee have our Vtopia, the Dogs have an Ile likewiſe, but not ſet downe in *Mercator*; therefore loſt perhaps, or not yet diſcovered. Hee is a great harkner after newes, and therefore ſearches the privy pockets of all the Dogs he meets with, perhaps to underſtand ſome tidings from the Ile of Dogs. They had once a language ſure, as well as Serpents, but loſt their Alphabet as well as they, ſave S and R, which ſtill they

they keep. He is a ſlave by condition, and made for wayting, and not for rule and command; for hee is moſt imperious and intolerable, where hee feeles any power and authority in himſelfe, a great token of his baſeneſſe. He is not for ſuits of law, becauſe hee cannot attend a legall courſe, but will ſeeke to right himſelfe out of hand. Hee never makes any ſet duels, or points any field, for all his valour is ſhewed in hot bloud; they are frayes hee makes, not ſingle combats: yet if they be ſet on by others, and have their Seconds, for ſo they

they muſt; they are Tyrants for fiercenesse. They are very cholericke, and great ſwearers, but their oathes are peculiar to thẽſelves. In fine, I hold him a good houſe-keeper, though otherwiſe of no hoſpitalitie, that is ſo readie to ſhake up folkes that enter in.

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35. The Parat

IS the Iew among Birds, becauſe he hath no proper language of his owne, that hee can ſpeake, but what he learnes where he is bred and borne. Yet India is his proper Paleſtin, that ſpeakes the language he ſhould ſpeake, which becauſe it is ſo hard, hee hath the leſſer difficultie, to frame and accommodate himſelfe to our Languages in Europe. He hath the bigneſſe of our Doves, but nothing neare the candour and ſimplicity of that bird: for if hee bee a foole,

foole, hee is also a knave, being waggish and unhappy enough sometimes. Hee is a companion for great personages, & therefore is taken up in Court, to bee the Princes jester: where he will be very gay in apparell. *He* weares about his necke a Collar not of S S, for that will not be allowed him, but rather a white silke Rope, which is the cause belike, the Pages so upbraid him for it, in saying, A rope for Parat. *He* loves all nuts, but Almonds beyonde measure: so as by his good will, hee will talke of nothing else: When hee awakes,

wakes, he opens the windowes of his eyes, and begins to ſtretch himſelfe, now one legge, and then another, like a dottrel, then quivering with his wings, and ſhrinking in his head into his ſhoulders in manner of an Italian ſhrugge, ſhake his eares; and then is he up, for all that day. It is wel he hath ſuch a thick ſhort necke of his owne; elſe you would verily beleeve, hee would breake it an hundred times a day, could he peece it together as often: For he will deſperately caſt himſelfe from the upper Rope, and dexterouſly take hold of another

ther beneath with foot or hand, and oftentimes with his very teeth. *He* is indeed the Ape of Birds, and with his tongue wil counterfeit more London cryes, then any Ape ſhall play tricks. *He* hath a reaſonable wit, and a better memorie, but cannot a word of the book; for he is all by roat, and will con very well by heart. Finally, he is full of his wagers, that if he uſed the Cock-pit, he would be quickly beggered, for hee will lay twenty pound at every word, when he hath not a peny in his purſe.

36. *Tobacco*

IS a ſoveraigne plant of an active ſpirit, which being ſet on fire, mounts to the upper region of the braine, and there playes *Rex*: Where like a Lord of Miſ-rule, calling the whimſies round about him, they all play Revell rout together, and thence like a litle Sathan, he ſends them here and there, as ſpirits up and downe to work wonders. It is a ſpice that comes from Indi̅a, now growne in more requeſt then Pepper is; but will bee ſure to pepper them

them that take it over much. It makes a verie chimney of the body; elſe why doe they waſh the tonnell ſo with Sacke. *He* that uſeth it while hee playes at cards, ſhall bee ſure to have a fluſh at all times. It is the very incenſe of *Vulcan*, fumed to his honour in a thurible of Cley. It is a Meteor, that being ſet on fire, makes the *Ignis fatuus* in mens braines; whereby they cannot finde ſometimes the right way out of doores. It is the milke of *Tellus*, which ſuckles Mortals, with as many teats, as earthen Pipes. It is immortall

tall in a ſort, which lives ſo in his Aſhes; and which after death, is ſo beneficiall to man. The Phyſitians hold him an Empericke, and but that he finds many friends in Court, hee had beene exploded from the Colledge long ſince. They would faine put him out of practiſe, becauſe they ſay hee is no Graduate, nor ever commenced in any Act of Phyſicke: but they ſtrive in vaine; for ſo long as he is ſo reaſonable in his fees, hee will have more practice, though not ſo full of gain. In fine, had hee but diſcourſe to ſet forth himſelfe,

ſelfe, and the infinite cures he workes, *Galen* and *Hypocrates* might break their Vrinals, and carry his after him.

37. *The Bay-tree*

IS the Lawrel, ſo deare to *Apollo*, for his *Daphney's* ſake; ſo priviledged by nature, that even Thunder and lightning, are here even taxed of partiality, and will not touch him for reſpects ſake, as a ſacred thing. He is a Schollar, and ſtudies ſtanding, for I could not finde that ever he ſat to his booke: And when

when we see them stand so thicke together in a knot or cluster; then it is they make their Repetitions of the Lessons of *Apollo*. He is an enemy to fire, because they both are hote and cholericke by nature. Hee is fit for Halls and stately roomes, where if there be a Wedding kept, or such like Feast, he will be sure to take a place more eminent then the rest. He is a notable smell-feast, and is so good a fellow in them, that almost it is no feast without him. He is a great Companion with the Rosemary, who is as good a Gossip in all Feasts, as he

a trencher-man. Hee is made, as it were, all of tongues, so as had he fit Organs to them, as teeth and lips, it is like with his eloquence, hee would change the whole world, and make them beleeve and do what he list. Of all Fish, hee is very much taken with the Spitch cock; for then hee will bee his owne Cooke, and dresse it, and make the sawce himselfe. He is fresh and lively, for he is alwayes greene, and beares his yeares wel, for hee will looke you as fresh at sixtie years as at fifteen. He is a man of excellent example, who leaves

so good an odour behinde him; yet he is by Religion a Pagan; addicted to the worshipping of the fained gods, and much versed in that Theology; nor is he altogether free from superstition; for he wil make you beleeve that if you put his leaves but under your pillow, you shall be sure to have true dreames. In fine, there is none without some faults; but yet take him with all his faults, and in all the world for some things, you shall hardly finde his fellow.

38. The Vine

IS that creeping worme, which with his liquours fils the head with ſpirits. It is a Lymbecke which diſtills ſweet liquors into thoſe little bottles hanging ſo in cluſters. It is the Cloud that holds the ſhowers which falls ſo plentiouſly in Poets braines. *Bacchus* makes him his boſomed friend, while he tenderly hugges him in his armes. *Mars* makes uſe of no other Squire then him, to put his ſword into his hand, which hee readily doth,

and works you wonders. He is witty and ingenious, and very learned, because well endowed with Sciences, who yearly turnes over many a leafe to good purpose. And though outwardly he shew to bee but a plaine fellow, hee is rich, because he hath his vintage every yeare, which puts many Crownes into his purse. He is a good Storier in Winter, that hath his Vaults of Wine so under ground: But yet prodigall enough thereof in Summer, when like a good fellow, he brings his Hogsheads to light. When hee is in his Cups hee is verie briske,

brisk, and ſparkles againe. He is the Maſter Scavenger of the Citie of mans bodie, and will ſcowre their gutters excellent well. There are many Counterfeits that paſſe for Wine, as Cider, Perry, and the like; but are not right, becauſe they derive not from the true ancient ſtocke of the Vines, who are a great family deſcended from the time of *Noe*: Who for Armes beare certaine branches, vert, pendent, charged with the leaves of the ſame, in a yard, inſtead of a field. *Hee* is not humble, for he cannot abide to be tram-

pled under foot; and yet is forced to indure it, that costs him his life; but riseth again to have the honour to be brought to the Princes Table.

39. The Fox

SEemes in the Senate of the reſt of beaſts to bee as grave as any of them: but is indeed a ſlye and crafty Merchant. *Hee* is the *Davus* in *Eſops* Comedies, and the beſt jeſts in all thoſe Interludes are fathered upon him. *Hee* hath the Monopoly of the beſt blades in his hands; witneſſe his figure ingraven thereon, forbidding all to ſell them without his ſtampe. *Hee* is ſo crafty a companion, that he will not be drunke, be-

cause he will not be overtaken himselfe, but still lyes in wayte to catch others: and therefore when men are overtaken with drinke, they are said to be foxed. *Hee* is a true Purveyer, because he provides and takes, not for the King, but for himselfe, upon no price, and therefore is hated and cursed where he comes. *Hee* makes no conscience of any shifts; & for a Goose, or a Ducke, or such a matter, it is but a Schollers tricke with him to amend his commons with, and so passes it over without any scruple at all,

un-

unleſſe hee be taken in the manner, and then proues it a hanging matter, which halters the caſe quite. *Hee* is a great Lecturer, but reades to a company of Geeſe onely, when hee will bee ſure to bee well paid for his paines, with a good ſupper, where ſome one of his Auditory are preſent. Hee is very neat in his habit, for he alwaies carries his bruſh with him, eſpecially when hee rides, for then hee carries it not at his pommell, for that were not ſightly, but carries it ſtill at the Crupper. He hath a ſlye looke, and a notable leering eye

of his owne; and ſo good a mar-kman, as likely hee never miſſeth his ayme. For his eye, hee would make a notable Gunner, but that hee cannot away with a piece, eſpecially if it lie in Ambaſcado, for that puts him quite out of his play. Hee cannot abide a packe of dogges, which if he ſhould, would coſt him his life. He hath his forts and holes to retire into, where he feares nothing but countermynes to oppoſe and confront his; for then hee is brought to a parley with his enemies, and faine to yeeld to hard conditions.

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In fine, were the world turned honeſt againe, and all knavery baniſhed thence, it would be found in a Foxe skinne.

40. *The Primroſe*

IS the principall of Roſes, becauſe the prime and firſt in her precedence; as the Herbinger of *Flora*, the Queene of flowers. Shee is the true and proper roſe of the Wilderneſſe, where ſhee is in her element the earth, as fiſhes in the ſea, and fowles in the ayre. Shee is the lowly and humble flower, and if ſhee want the ſweet perfumes and Civits the other Roſes have, ſhee is ſupplied with a ſweeter odour of meekeneſſe,

neſſe, which they want through the churliſh guard about them. Shee is very courteous, and diſdaines not the lappe of the Forreſt Nymphs that greedily ſeeke after her, as the Primitias of the Spring. They make a dainty ſhew with them, when they ſit familiarly together with their hand-maids the leaves: But when they take their ſiſter Violets into their company, then they make an admirable enamell. Shee is a common Proſtitute to eyes, but no Strumper, becauſe thereby ſhe loſeth no Virginity ſhee hath,

but

but ſtill remaineth humbly chaſte in her mothers lap, till ſhee bee violently ſnatcht away, and raviſhed thence, keeping her integrity ſtill, ſo long as forced againſt her will. Shee keepes willingly in the wilderneſſe, to ſhunne the company of men, but yet is no Anchoreſſe, becauſe no recluſe, but a right Hermitreſſe, inhabiting in the deſerts. Their habit and dreſſing is ſutable to the Spring, and the ſummers approach. In fine, I could wiſh the Primroſe were reſtored to her former ſtate againe; for then I ſhould hope

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the golden age wherein ſhee flouriſhed in times paſt, would happily returne againe.

FINIS.

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FINIS.